

The Mirror

OF

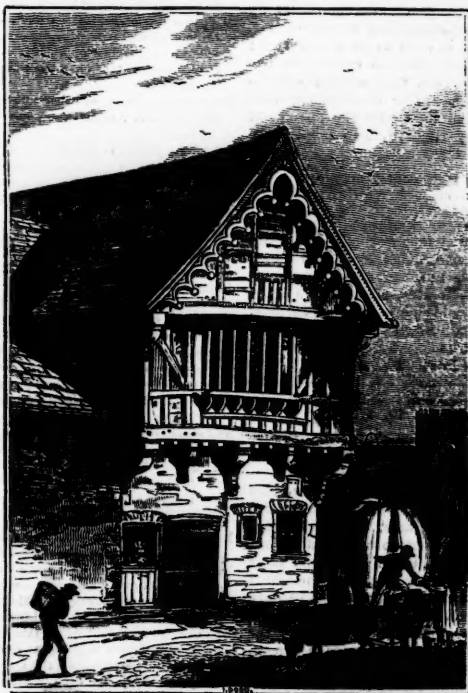
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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[PRICE 2d.

"Richard III. Inn," at Leicester.



THE headlong history of Richard III. is, to most readers, familiar as household words—so that any picturesque illustration of his time will be acceptable to all. Such was our persuasion in selecting a neat engraving of "the last bedstead on which Richard slept," for the fifth volume of the *Mirror*, where any "old subscriber" must recollect a few of the last events of Richard's career are temporarily noticed.

The relic now before us is the gable end of a building anciently called the "Old Blue Boar," or "Richard the Third's Inn," part of which is still standing opposite the Free School, in the town of Leicester. Here Richard

slept one or more nights, in consequence of the Castle being then unfit for his reception. He assembled a considerable army at Leicester, and then marched in quest of Richmond, who had arrived at Bosworth, about ten miles west of the first-mentioned town. The country was at that time unenclosed; but the site of the subsequent battle remains open to this day, and it is flanked by a wood on the west, with the village of Stoke Golding to the southward, and the town of Bosworth to the north-east. On this undulated plain the rival forces drew up in battle array, on the 23rd of August, 1485. The sequel need not be re-quoted.

To return to the Inn. The upper portion is in the usual style of the domestic architecture of the period. The lower part has undergone many changes, as openings for windows and doors; but the most attractive is the upper part. The inclined lines of the pediment were beautifully enriched with a cinquefoil ornament, the horizontal line with an embattled moulding, and a neatly-carved oak bracket at each angle of the roof; the lower projection is carried on five principal corbels, with smaller ones in the intervals. The overhanging window admitted light into the apartment occupied by Richard, who might have exclaimed—

Here will I lie to-night,
But where to-morrow?

In our account of the bedstead on which the wily monarch slept, it is not stated that about half a century since, the relic was purchased by a furniture-broker at Leicester, who slept in it for many years, and showed it to the curious. It continues in as good condition, apparently, as when used by King Richard, being formed of oak, and bearing a high polish. The daughter of the broker having married one Babington, of Rothley, near Leicester, the bedstead, on the death of the broker, was removed to Babington's house, where it is still preserved.

In conclusion, we may observe, that Horace Walpole has taken some pains to rescue the character of Richard from many of the charges propagated against his memory by the Tudors and their party, with whom, to please the Court of Elizabeth, Shakspeare seems to have allied himself.

Shakspeare, and other writers of the time, make Richard a monster in person, as well as mind: Walpole maintains, on various authorities, that he was neither deformed nor hideous, but handsome, like the rest of his family. It should, however, be recollected, that Shakspeare has to answer but for a portion of the play of Richard III.; the rest belongs to Cibber. No opportunity has been spared to blacken the *character* of the crookbacked tyrant on the stage. Cooke, the best representative in this century, was accustomed to say his "Richard" was no more like him of history than "Dick the butcher;" but were he to alter the performance, he should only cheat himself of applause, which is not a frequent sin among actors.

We thank our correspondent, S. Matthews, for the original of the Cut and part of the description.

RYE VALE.

THREE SONNETS.

(For the Mirror.)

I.

Through twilight trees, whose twining arches
seem

The sylvan temple of eternal song—
Where softly sighs the moss-embedded stream,
As through the ancient hills it rolls along;
We journeyed on, amidst a sea of wood,
Broke into mighty fissures, deep and dark;
And from the towering rock whereon we stood,
Could scarce the cushat's wheeling flight
remark.

Bright was the morn, and hearts responsive beat
With glorious Nature's love, and caught the
flame

Of fervent feeling in that wild retreat,
Discoursing of the Poet's deathless fame,
Which well may be enduring as the sky,
Inspired by scenes so fair, nurtur'd by hopes so
high.

II.

Emerging slowly from that mountain'd dell,
We tread thy paradise, romantic Rye!
A silent Eden for the hermit's cell,
A spot to charm the misanthropic eye!
For crystal brooks flow o'er thy craggy way;
And flaunt thy fields in flowers of many a hue,
And clustering cots, and gardens richly gay,
Topp'd by thy solemn ruin, meet the view:—
Where pale-leaved ash and lonely ivy twine
O'er fretted walls, where erst the crosstlet
hung;
And noisome nettles hide the prelate's shrine,
Where mass was said, and holy vesper sung;
And mitred monk and morion'd baron lie:
Ambition! muse thy fill—there vent thy bitterest
sigh!

III.

Deserted fane! where holy Escep sleeps
Amidst the pomp his princely bounty gave,
Though o'er thy ruin Taste, regretful weeps,
I would with joy, such bootless sorrow save:
Since Time, in pity for thy "ruthless wronge,"
Hath clad thy Gothic walls in beauteous guise;
And thou art meet to deck the minstrel's song
In glowing fancies of Arcadian dyes:
When morning breaks upon thy mantled aisles;
When noonday on each shatter'd column
gleams—
When evening robes thee in its richest smiles—
Then art thou fraught with dear poetic dreams;
Then leaves the soul her prison-house of clay,
And plumes her joyous wings, and flies her
viewless way!

* * H.

Lines on the Ruined Amphitheatre at Pompeii.

(For the Mirror.)

"—Where are the men of might, the great
in soul?
Gone!—glimmering thro' the gloom of things
that were."
BYRON.

The crowd are gone,—not one remains
Of all that mighty throng,
Who gaz'd upon the victim's pains,
And heard the victor's song.
No sight, nor sound for ear nor eye,
Is left, but ghosts are gliding by

Of ages past and gone.
 The broken seats, the dusty floor,
 The scene, with ruin trampled o'er,
 All echo "They are gone."
 Yes! gone the mighty and the proud,
 The lovely and the brave!
 Time, Time, before thee all have bow'd,
 Nor 'scap'd thy whelming wave:
 Pompeii's vacant streets declare
 How great, how sure, thy victories are
 Its cheerless scenes among:
 The pathway trac'd—where are the feet,
 That mov'd along that empty street?
 To the grave's silence gone!
 For low is laid the arm of might,
 In combat nerv'd and strong:
 And hush'd as is the hour of night,
 The shouting of the throng.
 The stately Toga's graceful fold,
 Round many a noble form was roll'd,
 Now prostrate in the dust,
 And sparkling eyes are clos'd for ever,
 To open on life's pageant, never,
 Till Time shall yield his trust.
 The giant works of elder days,
 The lofty forms that were—
 Are vanish'd now, and we but gaze
 On what the ruins are.
 The humblest shed, the loftiest tower
 Confess alike the sovereign power—
 Of Time—the mighty one!

Kirtan Lindsey

ANNE R.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

(For the Mirror.)

A manner Lattin corrupt was her speech.
Man of Lawe's Tale, v. 520.—Chaucer.
 I like the language, that soft hastard Latin
 That melts like kisses from a female mouth.
Beppo—Byron.

At these words the fathers of the fifty boys cried
 out aloud,
 The mothers repeated their exclamations an
 octave higher.

Caliph Vathek, p. 50.—Beckford.
 And Juan too blasphemed an octave higher.
Don Juan, canto i.

— we could not stall together
 For the whole world.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act v. Scene I.—
Shakspeare.

Earth could not hold us both, nor shall one heaven
 contain my deadliest enemy and me.

Roderick, the last of the Goths.—Southey.

— bid that welcome
 Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
 Seeming to bear it lightly.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act. iv. Scene 12.—
Shakspeare.

The robb'd that smiles steals something from the
 thief.

Othello, Act i. Scene 3.—*Shakspeare*.

— leve sit quod bene fertur onus.
Ovid Eleg. ii. v. 10.

Felix a domina tractaberis annule nostra!

Invidio donis jam miser ipse meis.

O utinam feri subito mea munera possim.

Ovid Eleg. lib. ii.

O that I were a glove upon that hand
 That I might touch that cheek.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. Scene I.—*Shakspeare*.

2 B 2

— O why did God
 Creator wise that peopled highest heaven
 With spirits masculine, create at last
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once
 With men as angels without feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind.

Paradise Lost, book x. v. 888.

Is there no way for men to be, but women
 Must be half workers?

Cymbeline, Act iii. Scene 5.—*Shakspeare*.

As o'er a bed of roses the sweet south.

Don Juan, canto ii. p. 148.

— like the sweet south

That breathes upon a bed of violets

Stealing and giving odour.

Twelfth Night, Act i. Scene 1.—*Shakspeare*.

— Ha, banishment,

Be merciful, say death.

Romeo and Juliet.—*Shakspeare*.

— then kill me

But do not banish me.

All for Love, Act iv. Scene 2.—*Dryden*.

Desdemona in the Fifth Act of
Othello expresses the contrary:

Oh, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

ARMIGER.

The Cosmopolite.

DISPUTE BETWEEN TWO GIANTS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following characteristic conversation was recently overheard by a gentleman in Regent-street, early in the morning. Being ill in bed, he did not see the parties, so as to be able to describe their appearance. He informs us it was preceded by the noise of a heavy carriage, which made a dead halt under his windows, and which went rapidly on again after the conference ended.

Gas.—Hallo! Mr. Steam, where are you posting away in this new sort of vehicle, puffing and blowing at such a rate, that you can't stop to civilly say "good morning" to an old acquaintance; I thought you were usually at Tower Stairs about this time.

Steam.—I have much more important business on my hands just now than to waste my time in gossiping with a fellow who does nothing but stand about on the pavement all night.

Gas.—Much obliged to you for the compliment, though I would have you remember it is possible that those who make the least noise may yet do the most work. Philosophers rank me greatly your superior in power and capacity.

Steam.—You my superior! block-head. Look to your sooty origin and disagreeable smell; born in a coal-pit, and carrying the tale of your extraction wherever you go. Your power, such

as it is, is often mischievously employed. 'Tis you who have so endangered the coal mine, that a naked candle cannot be used there, and but for Sir H. Davy's Safety-lamp, the poor miners must have either worked in the dark, or at the peril of their lives.

Gas.—Not quite so fast, Mr. Steam, with your abuse. If my origin is obscure, there is, as Dr. Rock says, the more merit in rising into eminence. When your daily work is done, *you* sink into your native well, while my character once raised is ever sustained, for I am, as Sir H. Davy says, a perfect being, a permanently elastic fluid, not the mixed animal you are, who, but for the heat with which these despised coals supply you, would have no power at all, or scarcely existence. In charging me with a disagreeable odour, you, who have so often exhibited yourself at the Mechanics' Lectures ought to know that, when pure, I have none, it being in my case, what logicians call an accident, not a property; to reproach me, therefore, on this account, is as unreasonable as to find fault with a labourer because he has not always his Sunday clothes on.

Steam.—Not idle display, Mr. Gas, but utility is the test of value. How can you have the assurance to compare yourself with me, who am the grand factotum of modern labour, and rapidly superseding, in my various character, all power beside. I perform almost every description of work for man, in the steadiest and cheapest manner, so that he prefers me to wind, water, and even animals. What indeed is there which I cannot, and am not doing for him? I weave his garment, grind his corn, cook his victuals, wash his clothes, row and tow his vessels, and, as you see, have begun to draw his carriages. I am a blacksmith, sawyer, pumper, distiller, refiner, &c.; and by the testimony of the shampooing Mahomed of Brighton, the best doctor for half the ailments man is subject to. Besides, I never tire, want no rest, and work equally well in all climates.* Now, Mr. Perfection, what do you do, in the useful way, comparable to all this. You light up the streets and shops, yes, and at a great expense, and not without the assistance of flame. Then such is your ungovernable spirit and dirty habits, that you risk by explosion, or tarnish by smoke, the persons and property of those who admit you into their houses. In my opinion, you are only fit to stand

at the corners of the street as a link boy, to light gentlemen across the road.

Gas.—You appear, Mr. Steam, ready to burst with vexation, at the bare idea of my superiority; but that reproachful tongue happily acts as a safety valve. You are a drudge, I grant, and this boasting but reminds me of the organ-blower who, because he worked the bellows, claimed the merit of the music. A fig for your steadiness, when Mr. Watt was obliged to make so many contrivances (as governor, throttle-valve, damper, and fly-wheel,) to secure your working with any regularity, and not flying off at the first opportunity. Don't tell me of your convenient applications for the quantity of coals you consume, while the room you take up is such an obstacle to your employment on board ship, for long voyages, that Mr. Perkins, the engineer, expects that I might perform all the work you do, at half the expense and inconvenience.

Steam.—And at ten-fold the risk! Do you expect that any man in his senses would put to sea with such a scape-grace workman as you are, who would presently turn mutinous and be ready to break through all restraint? Mr. Perkins, Sir, is better employed in contriving a cannon, in which my powers are to be employed for discharging balls one hundred per minute.

Gas.—You do but compliment my extraordinary power, Mr. Steam, (so much more expansive than yourself,) when you allude to my violence. The fact is, I am impatient of confinement, of working in the menial way you do, and therefore seek my liberty. I delight to serve man in a nobler manner: in my illuminating splendour, I make up for the absence of the sun, turn his darkness into day, and aid in detecting and preventing crime. Neither am I, as you allege, dependent on flame for utility, nor is man afraid to trust himself with me on a much more critical element than water. Carrying him aloft in the balloon, I add wings to his grovelling body, transport him with ease and celerity to distant spots, and aid his sublimest discoveries.

Steam.—Expeditions more remarkable for foolhardiness than utility; that is to say, you tempt men, at a considerable expense, to break their necks in an uncommon way. My boats defy wind and wave, but your machine is at the mercy of whatever gale may blow.

Gas.—Though man cannot, and probably never will be able to guide the balloon so as to be of extensive use in

* See Arnot's *Physics*, p. 371.

travelling, he may yet avail himself of the wind's direction, as river craft do of the tide, in pursuing his course. Besides having taken extensive surveys, he has ascertained many important natural facts in regard to the constitution of the atmosphere: that its density and warmth diminish with elevation in the ratio of various attractions; that air, collected from the highest regions, no way differs in constitution from that inspired in the closest quarters of a crowded city; that—

The temperate Mr. Gas would doubtless have gone on philosophizing, but Mr. Steam, hot with impatience, and probably jealous of the pleasurable life his rival led, hastily interrupted him by saying he could stay no longer. He therefore jumped up into his tug carriage, being engaged with Mr. Gurney, in the Regent's Park, while Gas quietly took himself off to the Eagle Tea Gardens, being also wanted by Mr. Green, to inflate his balloon for an ascent that evening.

Lloyd's Place.

J. HOLMES.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

MAY-DAY.

THE pagan origin of the customs observed on May-day is distinctly marked. At the two extremities of this island they form a singular contrast. The stormy sky, and inhospitable soil of the Celt, so frequently refused him the means of subsistence, that when he contemplated the return of the yeanning time and the harvest, it was to him a season of doubt and anxiety. On the Beltam-day, the highlander, faithful to the rites of his ancestors, still offers the consecrated cake to the fox, the hooded crow, and the eagle, the destroyers of his flocks and herds, and to the beings whom he reveres as their protectors. And the devoted person who draws the black lot is compelled to leap three times through the flames as a memorial of the ancient sacrifices. The youth of the year did not present the same apprehensions to the inhabitant of the genial shores of Italy. He did not supplicate the deities for blessings which he had no reason to fear they would withhold, and he rejoiced in the anticipation of them. However when the classical festivities of the Floralia were introduced into this climate, it would have been desirable either to advance their place in the calendar, or to expel the King of the Fogs, who, according to the fairy tale of Madame d'Aunois, has held his court in

England ever since he was jilted by his mistress. Milton, with the *Ben vengà Maggio* of the Tuscan poet yet ringing in his ear, may have been inspired to 'Hail' the bounteous, flowery May;

————— who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

But we fear that even before the alteration of the style so beautifully lamented in *The Tears of Old Mayday*, she was but a sickly hollow-cheeked damsel. Stubbs, in his declamation against *Maie*, tells us that "every parishe towne and village assemble themselves together, both men, women, and children, olde and young, even all indifferently; and, either going all together or deviding themselves into companies, they goe some to the woodes and groves, some to the hilles and mountaines, some to one place, and some to another, where they spende all the night in pastymes." Yet we must not allow his invective as unexceptionable evidence of the mildness of the weather, which could allow of such cool and airy revels. He has evidently overcharged his picture, notwithstanding his boast of the "credible reports" he had received from "men of greate gravitie, credite, and reputation." Another writer of the same age more considerably qualifies his account of the May games with "if the skie clear up." An "if" of which we all feel the necessity.

The supposed cosmetic virtues of May dew, when gathered before sunrise, are pretty generally remembered in the country. It was probably an allegory by which some village Zadig attempted to induce the maidens to attend to the wholesome observances of early rising and exercise.

The Puritans fought a stubborn battle with the May poles, those "heathenish vanities of superstition and wickedness," whose fall is deplored by the author of *Pasquil's Palinodia*, in verses of extraordinary harmony considering the time when they were composed:—

"Happy the age, and harmlesse were the dayes,
For then true love and amity were found,
When every village did a May pole raise,
And Whitsun ales and May games did abound;
And all the lusty younkers in a rout,
With merry lasses daunced the rod about;
Then friendship to the banquet bid the guests,
And poor men fared the better for their feasts.
Alas, poor May poles! what should be the cause
That you were almost banisht from the earth?
Who never were rebellious to the lawes,
Your greatest crime was honest, harmlesse mirth."

The May poles never held up their heads again. The last upon record was

that in May-fair, which was "begged" by Sir Isaac Newton as a stand for his great telescope. The morrice dancers, and Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian rallied after the Restoration, although somewhat shorn of their former glories:

"For, oh, the hobby-horse was forgot."

The merry troop was wandering up and down the country about twenty years ago; but these are sad degenerate times, and it is greatly to be feared that now they are only to be seen in Mr. Tollett's parlour window. Mr. Ellis has quoted some extracts from Mr. Douce's elaborate dissertation upon the May games, but we must inform that gentleman, that, correct as Minsheu generally is, his authority for once is questionable. The Tarrasca was the dragon, and not the chevalet or hobby-horse.

On Whitsunday Mr. Brand has quoted the following verses from *Burnaby Googe*, which require some explanation:—

"On Whitsunday whyte pigeons tame in strings
from heaven fle,
And one that framed is of wood, still hangeth in
the skie;
Thou seest how they with idols plaie, and teach
the people to;
None other wise than little gyrls with puppets
use to do."

It was the custom during this festival to suspend a silver dove from the roof of the church, and to let it slowly down during some part of the service, as an emblem of the descent of the Holy Ghost. In the churches in France, under the early races, the host was sometimes kept in a shrine made in the shape of a dove, and suspended over the altar. "*Quarterly Review of Brand's Popular Antiquities, edited by Mr. Ellis.*"

The Sketch-Book.

MY MISFORTUNES AT COLLEGE.

NEVER shall I forget thee, thou nurse of the mathematics—Elysium of my fairest hopes and most agreeable dreams—paradise of my earliest love—where the sop neglects his personal attractions, and looks as pensive as the beauties of Sir Peter Lely—where the literary aspirant resigns himself to

"Such visions as arise without a sleep."

and sits, *contractus legens*, as Horace phrases it, in the chair which his poetry will perhaps perpetuate to fame—where the scribbler, who prefers insertion in a Magazine to the heavy and more perishable task of collecting his lucubrations into a volume, "published at the author's expense," writes an elaborate dis-

sertation for the pages of Sylvanus Urban, and transmits it to the editor "post paid"—never shall I forget thee, immortal Granta!—never. Thy unrivalled sons enthroned on their majestic seats like a group of cherubim perched on the statue of an alderman—thy matters of moonshine, and the moonshine which kissed me as I retired to sleep beneath thy wall, all contributed their spells that neither time nor sorrow shall sweep away from the temple of my memory. It was at the age of nineteen—at that interesting period, when the brains of every one are more or less peopled with phantasies, that a secret aspiration for that immortality

"For which men write, speak, preach, and
heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their midnight
taper,"

kindled its loftiest fervor in my bosom. I had run over Horace, versified Virgil, laughed with Juvenal, expanded the orations of Cicero, and lost my temper among the absurd technicalities of Cæsar! I had also written poetry—a Parnassian garland, which I unbound at the request of half-a-dozen boarding-school nymphs, my sister included, who transferred it to the prettiest tinted paper that ever embalmed the effusions of a sonneteer. Having thus captivated the hearts and understandings of my friends at home, I resolved to pursue the course which ambition pointed out to me.

It was a morning of romance when the mail conveyed me from my native vales—from the beautiful and diversified scenery of W—. The slow, gliding river which weaved aerial music amid the woodlands, murmured gently in my ear, as the spire of the village church ceased to gleam above the haunts of my departed boyhood. My thoughts at this moment assumed a shade of melancholy reflection, and a cloud of woe enthralled the exuberance of my fancy. But as the coach proceeded on its way, my mental associations became more accordant with the scenes that extended around me. Nature had unfolded her broad and ample page which was ten times more fascinating than all the novels that the New Burlington press has produced within the last ten years! The hills appeared like fairy palaces encompassing a sunny Eden, the river reflected the pageantry of many a gorgeous cloud suspended in the crystal sea of heaven, the woods recalled my recollection to the sylvan deities of old, and the baronial mansions interspersed among the trees, awaked my thoughts

to the immutable glory of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. But my dreams of bliss were unfortunately interrupted by one of those realities which mortality has the etiquette to endure. As the coach increased its rapidity through a quiet and sequestered vale that Rousseau would have adored, it sustained a severe shock from the stump of an old oak, and precipitated me into a ditch not, half so welcome as its equivalent in beer would have been. This unpoetical incident, this miscellany of mud and misfortune stifled me with chagrin, which I discharged with the most unequivocal liberality at the coachman; but

"A storm it rose, and like a storm it passed."

when mighty Granta, that repository of black professors and bankrupt wits, greeted my view from the distant hills.

The ardour evinced in my probationary studies, composed of bad Latin and theoretical absurdity, astonished Professor Millman, threw Dr. Philpots on a rack, and finally enrolled me as a candidate for the chancellor's medal. Among my associates in this energetic undertaking, Sam M—— maintained an elevated position. This gem of a collegian had a love-affair on the anvil while engaged in the composition of his poem; and I hope the reader will exonerate me from any personality of remark, when I avow that lutes, lips, eyes, and roses, were mingled therein as indiscriminately as bleeding hearts, Cupid's quivers, and true-lovers' knots, on the delicate leaf of a valentine. Caroline Campbell, the rainbow of his visions, was the perpetual theme of our conversation, in which her young Abelard lost no opportunity in expressing his homage to her superior beauty. But my own dulcinea, a fancy milliner by the way, appeared to me in the possession of more loveliness than nature had assigned to the idol of my companion's heart. One day we quibbled most je-suitically on the charms of our mistresses; and, as he had passed that portion of the bottle which has something more than an exhilarating influence, he laid me on the hearth like a crest-fallen Hector, ere my lips had paid a tributary anathema to his beautiful Heloise. This infliction of his wrath proved fatal to my interest, for, while I groaned beneath a combination of medicine and despondency, he submitted his hexameters to the "senate of arbitration," and obtained the academical reward, which, if my own conceptions of poetry are commensurate with common sense, was unworthy of any talents

but those that were concentrated in me.

But my "bird of beauty" — the young Aurora of my dreams — the star of my meditation — Fanny Maybloom, the fancy milliner, claims some attention in this autobiographical sketch. I have braved the cold air of midnight to visit this celestial nymph, invoked her spirit in my moments of loneliness, traced the symmetrical caligraphy of her letters without a smile, and neglected my slumbers to peruse her inspiring poetry. If dark blue eyes, sunny ringlets, rose-tinted cheeks, and pearly teeth, that like a cloud

"Turn forth their silver lining on the sight,"

constitute the criterion of beauty, I will throw Fanny Maybloom into the balance against all the Cythereas that Thomas Moore has created from Rosa to Alethe. But my adopted divinity had a father, watchful as the Thracian dragon whom Jason laid in a dreamless sleep, and this old eaves-dropper was my eternal plague. Still, we had conceived an antidote for him, in the execution of which I intended to liberate Fanny from his parental discipline. The lovely girl received my ingenuous proposition with a poetical sigh, and illustrated her feelings by a quotation from the *Bride of Abydos*. Well, the night of my triumph arrived! I stole softly to her habitation with a small ladder, undismayed by the dreary appearance of the old spectral house. The rain beat heavily against the shutters, accompanied with the sepulchral requiem of the wind, which seemed calculated to awake all the ghosts "past and present," from their quiet dormitories. But I had no sympathy with the dead; my thoughts were united in Fanny alone! I placed my ladder in a secure position, attained the window without stumbling, and, how my recollections overwhelm me! entered the room. Scarcely had I breathed the name of my Medora, ere I found myself in an unwelcome embrace, and, at the same time, a brutal voice vociferated "Lights! Jerry, I've caught the collidge sprig." But why prolong the event? I was ordered to procure bail, and sustain the ignominy of a trial.

The period designed to commemorate my indiscretion elicited a sentence to which expatriation would have been preferred. "*We*," said the foreman of the jury, "return a true bill against Edward Shafton, Esquire, of Shafton Hall, in the county of Dorsetshire, for a daring burglary accomplished in the house of Jeremy Maybloom, Gent., on

the night of the twenty-first of September, 182—.

Shades of Coke and Blackstone ! what a mire of disgrace have you plunged me into !

R. AUGUSTINE.

The Selector ;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

INSECT TRANSFORMATIONS.

THIS is the title of the last published portion of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. Half of a volume only has appeared ; but, to judge from its intensely interesting character, the remainder will be looked for with much anxiety. We quote about half-a-dozen pages from the most attractive portion :—

" Muscular Strength of Insects.

" In great muscular power, insects, as Baron Haller remarks, appear to excel in proportion to their diminutiveness. Of this we have a remarkable example in the common flea, which can draw seventy or eighty times its own weight.* The muscular strength of this agile creature enables it not only to resist the ordinary pressure of the fingers in our endeavours to crush it, but to take leaps to the distance of two hundred times its own length ; which will appear more surprising when we consider that a man, to equal the agility of a flea, should be able to leap between three and four hundred yards. The flea, however, is excelled in leaping by the cuckoo-spit frog-hopper (*Tettigonia spumaria*, Olivier), which will sometimes leap two or three yards—that is, more than 250 times its own length ;† as if, (to continue the comparison) a man of ordinary stature should vault through the air to the distance of a quarter of a mile. The minute observation by which such unexpected facts are discovered, has in all ages been a fertile source of ridicule for the wits, from the time when Aristophanes in his *Clouds* introduced Socrates measuring the leap of a flea,‡ up to Peter Pindar's lampoon on Sir Joseph Banks and the emperor-butterfly. To all such flippant wit we have merely to retort the question of the Abbé de la Pluche, 'if the Deity thought insects worthy of his divine skill in forming them, ought we to consider them beneath our notice ?'§

* Haller, *Physiol.* vol. ix. p. 2.

† De Geer, *Mem.*, vol. iii. p. 178.

‡ Aristophanes, *Νεφέλαι*, α, 6.

§ Spectacle de la Nature, i. 3.

" Mouffet, in his *Theatre of Insects*,|| mentions that an English mechanic, named Mark, to show his skill, constructed a chain of gold as long as his finger, which, together with a lock and key, were dragged along by a flea ; and he had heard of another flea, which could draw a golden chariot, to which it was harnessed. Bingley tells us that Mr. Boverich, a watchmaker in the Strand, exhibited, some years ago, a little ivory chaise with four wheels, and all its proper apparatus, and the figure of a man sitting on the box, all of which were drawn by a single flea. The same mechanic afterwards constructed a minute landau, which opened and shut by springs, with the figures of six horses harnessed to it, and of a coachman on the box, a dog between his legs, four persons inside, two footmen behind it, and a postilion riding on one of the fore horses, which were all easily dragged along by a single flea.¶ Goldsmith remarks upon these displays of pulician strength, that the feats of Sampson would not, to a community of fleas, appear to be at all miraculous.** Latreille tells us a no less marvellous story of another flea, which dragged a silver cannon twenty-four times its own weight, mounted on wheels, and did not manifest any alarm when this was charged with gunpowder, and fired off.†† Professor Bradley, of Cambridge, also mentions a remarkable instance of insect strength in a stag-beetle (*Lucanus Cervus*) which he saw carrying a wand a foot and a half long, and half an inch thick, and even flying with it to the distance of several yards.‡‡

" It has been remarked, with reference to these facts of comparative size and strength, that a cock-chaffer is six times stronger than a horse ; and Linnæus observes, that if an elephant were as strong in proportion as a stag-beetle, it would be able to tear up rocks and level mountains. The muscular power of fish, however, seems to bear a near comparison with that of insects. 'I have seen,' says Sir Gilbert Blane, 'the sword of a sword-fish sticking in a plank which it had penetrated from side to side ; and when it is considered that the animal was then moving through a medium even a thousand times more dense than that through which a bird cleaves its course at different heights of the atmosphere, and that this was performed in the same direction with the ship, what a

[Page 275.

¶ *Animal Biography*, iii. 468.

** *Animated Nature*, iv. 178.

†† *Nouv. Dict. d'Hist. Nat.* xxviii. 249.

‡‡ Bradley, *Phil. Account*, p. 184.

conception do we form of this display of muscular strength.* It should, however, be observed, that the muscular power of the sword-fish is principally shown in the rate of swimming, by which the animal overtakes the ships, and thus acquires the momentum which determines the force of the blow. We may understand the proximate cause of the strength of insects, when we look at the prodigious number of their muscles—the fleshy belts or ribbons by whose means all animal motions are preferred. The number of these instruments of motion in the human body is reckoned about 529; but in the caterpillar of the goat-moth, Lyonnet counted more than seven times as many: in the head, 228; in the body, 1647; and around the intestines, 2186; which, after deducting 20, common to the head and gullet, gives a total of 4061.†

“Any lady,” says Kirby and Spence, ‘fond of going to be tempted with an exhibition of fine lace, would experience an unexpected gratification could she be brought to examine the muscles of a caterpillar under the microscope: with wonder and delight she would survey the innumerable muscular threads that in various directions envelope the gullet, stomach, and lower intestines of one of those little animals—some running longitudinally, others transversely, others crossing each other obliquely, so as to form a pattern of rhomboids or squares; others, again, surrounding the intestine like so many rings, and almost all exhibiting the appearance of being woven, and resembling fine lace—one pattern ornamenting one organ; another a second; and another a third.’‡

“We put the caterpillar of the goat-moth, to which we have before alluded, under a bell-glass, which weighed nearly half a pound, and of course more than ten times the weight of the insect, yet it raised it up with the utmost ease. We then placed over the glass the largest book which we had at hand—‘London’s Encyclopædia of Gardening,’ consisting of about 1500 pages of strong paper, and weighing four pounds; but this did not succeed in preventing the escape of the animal, which raised the glass, though loaded with the book, nearly a hundred times its own weight, and made good its exit.§ The multiplicity of its muscles above enumerated, 236 of which are situated in the legs alone, will enable us to understand how this extraordinary

feat was performed. Even this power of muscle, however, would doubtless have been unavailing in raising the loaded glass, except in connexion with two favourable circumstances under which the experiment was performed, and which are necessary to be borne in mind to render the operation perfectly credible: first, that the wedge-like form of the caterpillar’s head, in connexion with the peculiar shape of the glass, enabled it to lift it; and second, that, one side of the glass resting on the table, the insect only bore half the weight of the glass and book.

A peculiar toughness of external covering sometimes supplies the place of this muscular power in caterpillars. A singular instance occurs in the history of a common downy two-winged fly, with grey shoulders and a brown abdomen (*Eristalis tenax*, Fabr.) The grub, which is rat-tailed, lives in muddy pools, with the water of which it has sometimes been taken up by paper-makers, and, though subjected to the immense pressure of their machinery, it has survived in a miraculous manner. Such is the account originally given by Linnæus.|| A recent compiler, mistaking Kirby and Spence’s very apt comparison of this grub to a London porter nick-named Leather-coat-Jack, from his being able to suffer carriages to drive over him without receiving any injury, forthwith fancies the porter to be ‘another insect called leather-coat-jack,’ which ‘will bear heavy carriage-wheels to pass over it with impunity.’ Since the grub in question is rather soft, it must be the tough texture of the skin which preserves it, as in the similar instance of the caterpillar of the privet hawk-moth (*Sphinx Ligustri*), which Bonnet squeezed under water till it was as flat and empty as the finger of a glove, yet within an hour it became plump and lively as if nothing had happened.¶

“The instances, however, which we have just recorded are peculiar rather than general, for caterpillars are for the most part very easily bruised and otherwise injured.”

The “Insect Transformations” will form an excellent companion to the “Insect Architecture” volume, noticed by us in the last volume of the *Mirror*, in terms of high commendation, which we have much pleasure in extending to the part before us. The cuts are numerous, and, for the most part, well executed. Of the value of the notes acknowledging the sources and authorities, we

* Sir Gilbert Blanc, *Select Diss.* p. 261.

† Lyonnet, *Traité Anat. de la Chenille*, pp. 188. 594.

‡ *Intr.* iv. 186.

§ J. R.

|| Fauna Suecica, 1799.

¶ Bonnet, *Œuvres*, vol. ii. p. 124.

can give our readers but a faint idea. In single pages there are from four to seven and eight such references, so that phenomena are not related, or attempted to be established, without precise authority. Such a volume as the present is, therefore, of exhaustless interest to the philosophical inquirer, as well as to the general reader; since all these references connect as by chains or springs, and lead by innumerable tracks to some of the most fascinating studies of nature.

LIVES OF EMINENT BRITISH LAWYERS.

By Henry Roscoe, Esq.

THIS is the sixth, and by no means the least attractive volume, of the *Cabinet Cyclopaedia*. It contains the Lives of Coke, Selden, Hale, Guilford, Jefferies, Somers, Mansfield, Wilmot, Blackstone, Ashburton, Thurlow, Jones, Erskine, and Romilly. The characters of these illustrious men are vividly drawn, and the biographical details are relieved by anecdotal illustrations. In short, the whole volume is a fund of entertainment blended with well-digested materials of graver import, and substantiated by acknowledgments in foot-notes. A pleasanter book for the professional or general reader can hardly be imagined; for the wit and eloquence which result from the *viginti annorum incubrationes* often render the life of a lawyer of more popular interest than is generally imagined, since he is not always pent up in chamber-life, or his genius and humour cramped by the technicalities of his profession. Perhaps few records of human character abound with so many useful examples of perseverance and well-directed industry as the above lives.

We subjoin an extract from the historical anecdotes:—

Lord Keeper Guilford.

"He was," says his biographer, "very good at waylaying the craft of counsel; for he, as they say, had been in the oven himself, and knew where to look for the paste." Upon one difficult occasion his conduct on the bench was entitled to the highest commendation. "At Taunton Dean," says Roger North, "he was forced to try an old man for a wizard; and for the curiosity of observing the state of a male witch or wizard, I attended in the court, and sat near where the poor man stood. The evidence against him was—the having bewitched a girl of about thirteen years

old; for she had strange and unaccountable fits; and used to cry out upon him and spit out of her mouth straight pins; and whenever the man was brought near her, she fell in her fits, and spit forth straight pins. His lordship wondered at the straight pins, which could not be so well couched in the mouth as crooked ones; for such only used to be spit out by people bewitched. He examined the witnesses very tenderly and carefully, and so as none could collect what his opinion was; for he was fearful of the jurymen's precipitancy, if he gave them any offence. When the poor man was told he must answer for himself, he entered upon a defence as orderly and well expressed as I ever heard spoke by any man, counsel or other; and if the attorney-general had been his advocate, I am sure he could not have done it more sensibly. The sum of it was malice, threatening, and circumstances of imposture in the girl; to which matter he called his witnesses, and they were heard. After this was done, the judge was not satisfied to direct the jury before the imposture was fully declared; but studied and beat the bush awhile, asking sometimes one and then another question, as he thought proper. At length he turned to the justice of peace that committed the man and took the first examinations. 'And, Sir,' said he, 'pray will you ingenuously declare your thoughts, if you have any, touching these straight pins which the girl spit; for you saw her in her fit?'—'Then, my lord,' said he, 'I did not know that I might concern myself in this evidence, having taken the examination and committed the man. But since your lordship demands it, I must needs say, I think the girl, doubling herself in a fit, as being convulsed, bent her head down close to her stomacher, and with her mouth took pins out of the edge of that, and then righting herself a little, spit them into some bystander's hands.' This cast an universal satisfaction upon the minds of the whole audience, and the man was acquitted. As the judge went down stairs out of the court, an hideous old woman cried, 'God bless your lordship!'—'What's the matter, good woman?' said the judge.—'My lord,' said she, 'forty years ago they would have hanged me for a witch, and they could not, and now they would have hanged my poor son!'"

ABOUT the middle of the last century, the garden of Grocer's Hall served as a public promenade for the citizens.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

HEAT AND THIRST—A SCENE IN
JAMAICA.

THE Torch was lying at anchor in Blue-fields Bay; it was between eight and nine in the morning. The land wind had died away, and the sea breeze had not set in—there was not a breath stirring. The pennant from the mast-head fell sluggishly down, and clung amongst the rigging like a dead snake, whilst the folds of the St. George's ensign, that hung from the mizen-peak, were as motionless as if they had been carved in marble.

The anchorage was one unbroken mirror, except where its glass-like surface was shivered into sparkling ripples by the gambols of a skipjack, or the flashing stoop of his enemy the pelican; and the reflection of the vessel was so clear and steady, that at the distance of a cable's length you could not distinguish the water-line, nor tell where the substance ended and shadow began, until the casual dashing of a bucket overboard for a few moments broke up the phantom ship; but the wavering fragments soon re-united, and she again floated double, like the swan of the poet. The heat was so intense, that the iron stanchions of the awning could not be grasped with the hand, and where the decks were not screened by it, the pitch boiled out from the seams. The swell rolled in from the offing in long shining undulations, like a sea of quicksilver, whilst every now and then a flying fish would spark out from the unruffled bosom of the heaving water, and shoot away like a silver arrow, until it dropped with a flash into the sea again. There was not a cloud in the heavens; but a quivering blue haze hung over the land, through which the white sugar-works and overseers' houses on the distant estates appeared to twinkle like objects seen through a thin smoke, whilst each of the tall stems of the cocoa-nut trees on the beach, when looked at steadfastly, seemed to be turning round with a small spiral motion, like so many endless screws. There was a dreamy indistinctness about the outlines of the hills, even in the immediate vicinity, which increased as they receded, until the blue mountains in the horizon melted into sky. The crew were listlessly spinning oakum, and mending sails, under the shade of the awning; the only exceptions to the general languor were John-crow the black, and Jackoo the monkey.

The former (who was an improvisatore of a rough stamp) sat out on the bowsprit, through choice, beyond the shade of the canvass, without hat or shirt, like a bronze bust, busy with his task, whatever that might be, singing at the top of his pipe, and between whiles confabulating with his hairy ally, as if he had been a messmate. The monkey was hanging by the tail from the dolphin-striker, admiring what John-crow called "his own dam ogly face in the water." "Tail like yours would be good ting for a sailor, Jackoo—it would leave his two hands free aloft—more use, more hornament too, I'm sure, den de piece of greasy junk dat hangs from de captain's taffril. Now I shall sing to you, how dat Corromantee rascal, my fader, was sell me on de Gold Coast—

"Two red nightcap, one long knife,
All him get for Quackoo.
For gun next day him sell him wife—
You tink dat good song Jackoo?"

"Chocko, chocko," chattered the monkey, as if in answer. "Ah, you tink so,—sensible honimal! What is dat? shark? Jaekoo, come up, sir: don't you see dat big shovel-nosed fish looking at you? Pull your hand out of the water, Garamighty!"—The negro threw himself on the gammoning of the bowsprit to take hold of the poor ape, who, mistaking his kind intention, and ignorant of his danger, shrunk from him, lost his hold, and fell into the sea. The shark instantly sank to have a run, then dashed at his prey, raising his snout over him, and shooting his head and shoulders three or four feet out of the water with poor Jackoo shrieking in his jaws, whilst his small bones cracked and crunched under the monster's triple row of teeth.

Whilst this small tragedy was acting—and painful enough it was to the kind-hearted negro—I was looking out towards the eastern horizon, watching the first dark-blue ripple of the sea-breeze, when a rushing noise passed over my head.

I looked up and saw a *gallinazo*, the large carrion-crow of the tropics, sailing, contrary to the habits of its kind, seaward over the brig. I followed it with my eye, until it vanished in the distance, when my attention was attracted by a dark speck far out in the offing, with a little tiny white sail. With my glass I made it out to be a ship's boat, but I saw no one on board, and the sail was idly flapping about the mast.

On making my report, I was desired to pull towards it in the gig; and as we approached, one of the crew said he

thought he saw some one peering over the bow. We drew nearer, and I saw him distinctly. "Why don't you haul the sheet aft, and come down to us, sir?"

He neither moved nor answered, but, as the boat rose and fell on the short sea raised by the first of the breeze, the face kept mopping and mowing at us over the gunwale.

"I will soon teach you manners, my fine fellow! give way, men,"—and I fired my musket, when the crow that I had seen rose from the boat into the air, but immediately alighted again, to our astonishment, vulture-like with out stretched wings, *upon the head.*

Under the shadow of this horrible plume, the face seemed on the instant to alter like a hideous change in a dream. It appeared to become of a deathlike paleness, and anon streaked with blood. Another stroke of the oar—the chin had fallen down, and the tongue was hanging out. Another pull—the eyes were gone, and from their sockets brains and blood were fermenting, and flowing down the cheeks. It was the face of a putrefying corpse. In this floating coffin we found the body of another sailor, doubled across one of the thwarts, with a long Spanish knife sticking between his ribs, as if he had died in some mortal struggle, or, what was equally probable, had put an end to himself in his frenzy; whilst along the bottom of the boat, arranged with some show of care, and covered by a piece of canvass stretched across an oar above it, lay the remains of a beautiful boy, about fourteen years of age, apparently but a few hours dead. Some biscuit, a roll of jerked beef, and an earthen water-jar lay beside him, showing that hunger at least could have had no share in his destruction; *but the pipkin was dry, and the small water-cask in the bow was staved and empty.*

We had no sooner cast our grappling over the bow, and begun to tow the boat to the ship, than the abominable bird that we had scared settled down into it again, notwithstanding our proximity, and began to peck at the face of the dead boy. At this moment we heard a gibbering noise, and saw something like a bundle of old rags roll out from beneath the stern-sheet, and apparently make a fruitless attempt to drive the gallinasso from its prey. Heaven and earth, what an object met our eyes!—It was a full-grown man, but so wasted, that one of the boys lifted him by his belt with one hand. His knees were drawn up to his chin; his hands were like the talons of a bird; while the falling-in of his chocolate-coloured and

withered features gave an unearthly relief to his forehead, over which the horny and transparent skin was braced so tightly that it seemed ready to crack. But in the midst of this desolation, his deep-set coal-black eyes sparkled like two diamonds with the fever of his sufferings; there was a fearful fascination in their flashing brightness, contrasted with the death-like aspect of the face, and rigidity of the frame. When sensible of our presence he tried to speak, but could only mutter a low moaning sound. At length—"Aqua, aqua!"—we had not a drop of water in the boat. "El muchacho esta moriendo de sed—Aqua."

We got on board, and the surgeon gave the poor fellow some weak tepid grog. It acted like magic: he gradually uncoiled himself, his voice, from being weak and husky, became comparatively strong and clear. "El hijo—Aqua para mi pedrillo—No le hace para mi—Oh la noche pasado, la noche pasado!" He was told to compose himself, and that his boy would be taken care of. "Dexa me verlo entonces, oh Dios, dexa me verlo!"—and he crawled, grovelling on his chest, like a crushed worm across the deck, until he got his head over the port-sill, and looked down into the boat. He there beheld the pale face of his dead son: it was the last object he ever saw—"Ay de mi!" he groaned heavily, and dropped his face against the ship's side. He was dead.

Blackwood's Magazine.

VEGETATIVE VERSES.

BY A FELLOW OF THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

SARINE, father of the fêtes,
Chief of Chiswick, rural seer,
Deep in daisies and in dates,
Prince of bulbs and breakfasts bear!
Hark the note of sad distress—
Who would be an F. H. S.?

Ruin seizes every roof;
Buried berries daily rot,
You and I may go and shoot—
For the drooping shrubs will not.
We are in a pretty mess—
Who would be an F. H. S.?

Once we sat with *otium cum*
Dignitate in our view;
Now we are not worth a plum—
Turnham-Green is turning blue.
Science is a game at chess—
Who would be an F. H. S.?

Horticulture hath its bumps:
Currants are a current joke;
Spades are now no longer trumps:
Crocodiles have made us croak;
Mustard's gone, and so is cross—
Who would be an F. H. S.?

Stocks are selling off too cheap;
We and heartsease soon must part;
O'er a lettuce let us weep;
Artichokes have choked the heart.

Chiswick's quite a wilderness—
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

See misfortune's chilling airs
Sweep our bark from off the beach ;
Sorrows ever come in pears ;
Peaches will our plans impeach ;
Cats'-heads kitten less and less—
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

Gravel walks with marble slabs,
Tombstones, we shall shortly show ;
Since, though in an age of cabs,
Cabbages are not the go.
Botany has ceased to bless—
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

Oaks have proved a hoax at last ;
Young men see the elder die ;
Leaves, not sloe-leaves, perish fast ;
We for cypress press a sigh ;
Posies pose us to excess—
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

Meddlars, though on trees we've none,
Now about our funds inquire ;
Sun-flow'rs die without a son ;
Hyacinths will grow no higher.
These are facts we can't suppress—
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

Useless 'tis to see afar
How the other gardens do ;
How the winds at Windsor are,
How they mind their peas at Kew.
How we managed few can guess—
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

Oh! the rainy, rural rout.
When, half-starved amidst the shower
Dandy lions walked about
Seeking what they might devour.
Painted ladies, blue bellies press
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

Thyme is fled, and o'er the scene
Cuts and chimneys will be found ;
Beans are things that once have been ;
Groundsells gone, we'll sell the ground.
What is Robins's address ?—
Who would be an F. H. S. ?

All is alter'd—not a bough
(Save the gardener's) marks the spot ;
O'er the cowslips slips a cow—
Winds may blow there, flowers will not.
Fashion, Honour, and Success,
Once were meant by F. H. S. !

But another tale they tell
Since we fell so deep in debt—
All our celery to sell,
All our lettuces to let.
Folly, Hubbub, Sorrow—yes,
These are meant by F. H. S. !

Monthly Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

PRAYER FOR HIS MAJESTY.

THE following prayer is ordered by the Archbishop of Canterbury to be read in all churches throughout the kingdom, for the recovery of his Majesty :—

" Almighty and most merciful God, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, incline Thine ear, we beseech Thee, to the cry of Thy people, and accept our supplications and prayers which we make unto Thee on behalf of Thy servant, our Sovereign Lord the King.

" Vouchsafe of Thy goodness, O Lord, to assuage his pain, to relieve his infirmity, and to strengthen his soul by

the consolations of Thy grace, that so resigning himself with all meekness and patience to Thy Holy Will, and trusting entirely to Thy mercy, he may be raised by Thy power from the bed of sickness, and long continue to govern Thy people, committed to his charge, in peace and righteousness ; and finally grant, O Heavenly Father, that when it shall be Thy good pleasure to call him from this world unto Thee, he may receive a crown of glory in Thy everlasting kingdom ; through the merits and mediation of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen."

DELIGHTS OF SCIENCE.

WE promised the reader a transfer of one or two fascinating pictures of animated nature, from the last-published portion of Dr. Arnett's *Elements of Physics*. Here are two, which will be read with increased interest in the present joyous season :—

Heat.

" * * * among animals the effects of heat are very remarkable. The dread silence of winter, for instance, is succeeded in spring by one general cry of joy. Aloft in the air the lark is everywhere carolling ; and in the woods and shrubberies, a thousand little throats are similarly pouring forth their songs of gladness—during the day, the thrush and blackbird near our dwellings are heard above the rest, and with the evening comes the sweet nightingale ;—for all of which it is the season of love and exquisite enjoyment. And it is equally so for animal nature generally : in favoured England, for instance, in April and May the whole face of the country resounds with lowings, and bleatings, and barkings of joy. And even man, the master of the whole, and whose mind embraces all times and places, is far from being insensible to this change of season. His far-seeing reason, of course, draws delight from the anticipation of autumn, with its fruits ; and his benevolence rejoices in the happiness observed among all inferior creatures ; but independently of these considerations, on his own frame the returning warmth exerts a direct influence. In early life, when the natural sensibilities are yet fresh and unaltered by the habits of artificial society, spring to man is always a season of delight. The eyes brighten, the whole countenance is animated, and the heart feels as if new life were come, and has longings for fresh objects of endearment. Of those who have passed their early years in the country, or, among the charms of na-

ture, as contrasted with the arts of cities, there are few who, in their morning walks in spring, have not experienced without very definite cause, a kind of tumultuous joy, of which the natural expression would have been—How good the God of Nature is to us! Spring is a time when sleeping sensibility is roused to feel that there lies in nature more than the grosser sense perceives. The heart is then thrilled with sudden ecstasy, and wakes to aspirations of sweet acknowledgment."

Picture of Creation.

"The human race is naturally inhabitant of a warm climate, and the paradise described as Adam's first abode, may be said still to exist over vast regions about the equator. There the sun's influence is strong and uniform, producing a rich and warm garden, in which human beings, however ignorant of the world which they had come to inhabit, would have their necessities supplied almost by wishing. The ripe fruit is there always hanging from the branches; of clothing there is required only what moral feelings may dictate, or what may be supposed to add grace to the form; and as shelter from the weather, a few broad leaves spread on connected reeds, will complete an Indian hut. The human family, in multiplying and spreading in all directions from such a centre, would find, to the east and west, only the lengthened paradise, with slightly varying features of beauty; but to the north and south, the changes of season, which make the bee of high latitudes lay up its winter store of honey, and send migrating birds from country to country in search of warmth and food, would also rouse man's energies to protect himself. His faculties of foresight and contrivance would come into play, awakening industry; and as their fruits, he would soon possess the knowledge and the arts which secure a happy existence in all climates, from the equator almost to the pole. It is chiefly because man has learned to produce at will, and to control, the wonder-working principle of heat, that in the rude winter, which seems the death of nature, he, and other tropical animals and plants which he protects, do not in reality perish—even as a canary-bird escaped from its cage, or an infant exposed among the snow-hills. By producing heat from his fire, he obtains a novel and most pleasurable sort of existence; and in the night, while the dark and freezing winds are howling over his roof, he basks in the presence of his mimic sun, surrounded

by his friends and all the delights of society; while in his store-rooms, or in those of merchants at his command, he has the treasured delicacies of every season and clime. He soon becomes aware, too, that the dreary winter, instead of being a curse, is really in many respects a blessing, by arousing from the apathy to which the eternal serenity of a tropical sky so much disposes. In climates where labour and ingenuity must precede enjoyment, every faculty of mind and body is invigorated; and hence the sterner climates form the perfect man. It is in them that the arts and sciences have reached their present advancement, and that the brightest examples have appeared of intellectual and moral excellence."

HOMÖOPATHIE.

A New System of Medicine.

To build up an universal system of medicine upon a single proposition; to make it plain to the patient by what means and in what manner his cure may be effected; to change the vague and obscure terms of art into a catalogue of distinct and intelligible symptoms; and, last not least, to convert the odious operation of *taking physic* into the simple and not inelegant diversion of swallowing a few tiny pellets of tinctured sugar—to the utter extinction of all draughts, pills, and boluses, and extreme disgrace and discomfort of apothecaries—these are the dashing innovations on the therapeutic art essayed by Dr. Hahnemann: and this is the character of that doctrine of *Homöopathie*, which, for the last twenty years, has caused no little sensation among our Teutonic neighbours, though its very name has as yet scarcely penetrated into our insular regions.

In the Bohemian town of Senftenberg, that cruel disorder, the bloody flux, was raging with great violence and most fatal effects. The ordinary arts of medicine were tried in vain to arrest its progress. In sheer despair, the homöopathic prescriptions were adopted, and with immediate and uniform success.—A jager, or huntsman, belonging to the Baron of Senftenberg, lay at the point of extreme unction with fever and inflammation of the throat. As a last resort, a few of the homöopathic pellets were administered; the dying man was out of bed next morning, and on the second day, when, according to all established principles, he should have been quietly stretched in his coffin, he was handling his gun in the forests. A decided sceptic witnessed this case, and

became from that moment as decided a believer in homœopathie.—A Bohemian gentleman was afflicted with one of the worst forms of lepra, aggravated by the most complicated ailments of the stomach. His physicians declared him incurable; and we know the same disorder to have been pronounced incurable, and to have remained uncured, in England also. In a few months, however, the homœopathic medicines and diet removed every symptom of complaint: the lepra disappeared, and the patient arrived at the real apex of human felicity—the unconsciousness of possessing a stomach. One of the many sons of a well-known London baronet came abroad *moribundus*. His constitution seemed exhausted by the effects of a brain fever. He had tried many physicians, many waters, and many medicines, to no purpose. He owed his recovery to homœopathie, and expresses the greatest gratitude to our informant, who advised him to make the experiment.—The director of the theatre at Prague had four children sick of the croup. One died; two were cured *secundum artem*, after a long interval of suspense and anxiety; the fourth, when taken ill, was allowed to be treated homœopathically, and recovered in a day.* The same director had the grace to allow the successful homœopath to prescribe for his wife, and returned thanks, from the stage of the theatre, to Dr. Loewe, for restoring her to health.—A merchant of Leipsic had an ancient and inveterate disorder of the stomach; perpetual nausea, habitual constipation, and an inclination to vomit after the least attempt to eat, were among the mildest of his symptoms. After the first homœopathic dose, prescribed by Dr. Hartlaub, the disease began to yield; the system was pursued with gradually-increasing success, and now the man of commerce is as fairly on his legs again as “any he” in Saxony. His case, if we may venture to describe it minutely, would be found quite as striking as one reported by Dr. Granville, to whom we refer our readers. When the Field-marshal Prince Schwarzenburg, not a person for a medical compatriot to trifle with, applied for advice to Dr. Mahrenzeller, then practising at Prague, this physician referred him to one hundred cures, performed in that capital, as the best testimonial to the merits of the system. Mahrenzeller is now at Vienna, and

* The hom. prescription for this frightful disorder is, 1. *Aconitum*, to work from six to twelve hours, and, 2. *Spongia*, to work for three or four days.

continues to prescribe infinitesimal doses with the happiest results. In cases of rheum, fever, and inflammation of every kind, his success is said to be marvellous. It might be thought trifling to swell the list of our personal observations with cures of headach, sore throat, toothach, earach, bruises, and other minor accidents and ailments, although these are not really trifles; if, as a recent writer has asserted, every ache and pain, however slight, contributes something to the abbreviation of human life. And all these cures were effected by a few sugar pellets, tinctured with a liquid, which contained perhaps the decillionth of a grain of medicine!

Should homœopathie be, as, in spite of all this, it well may be, altogether false, it would still be desirable to impress with a notion of its truth those who are given to the mischievous practice of self-dosing. Here, it seems, would be no fear of adding to the victims of domestic pharmacy. The portability of the medicines is another advantage. Adieu to the endless train of phials, pots, pill-boxes, and powders! The very name of medicine-chest must cease to be. There lies before us, as we write, a small morocco case, about the size of a pocket Bible, within the compact dimensions of which are contained eighty-four little bottles of homœopathic pellets—enough to physic the crew of a first-rate on a voyage round the globe.—*Edinburgh Review*.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE.

SAILORS' LETTERS.

IN one of the *Tales of a Tar*, just published, we find the following dialogue illustrative of laconic letter-writing:—

“You know,” said Tailor, “it’s only when people *mean* what they say, that they’ve little to say.” “Exactly so—you say no more than true,” said Miller. Now, the whole time I was abroad, I never writes to the old woman in any other way than this, and more the old girl never wanted: “Dear Bet,” says I, “I’m well and hearty, and continues to *lot* as long as *you* continues an honest woman—yours, Tom.” “Now, there truth stares her full in the face. But if I spins her a long roguish yarn ’bout lubberly love, and the likes of that there tiresome trash, or sends her a longer sarmin ’bout followin’ the sogers and the like, why, then, there’s a thin look o’ truth on one side or

t'other." Bet nat'rally says, "If Tom likes Bet, where's the kashun to tell at this time o' day,"—and if Bet likes Tom, why talk of followin' the sogers?

FATE OF GENIUS.

PLAUTUS turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in a goal; Pado Borghese had fourteen different trades, yet starved amidst them all; Tasso was often distressed for a shilling; Bentivoglio was refused admission into an hospital he had himself erected; Cervantes, and several of our English authors of genius, died of hunger; Camoens ended his days in an almshouse, and Vaugelas sold his body to the surgeons to support life. G. K.

HORSE-SHOES.

At Okeham there has long been a custom, that the first time any peer of the realm comes within the precinct of a certain Lordship, he forfeits a shoe from the horse he rides on, to the Lord of the Castle or Manor, unless he chooses to commute for it. Several horse-shoes, gilt, and of curious workmanship, are in consequence nailed on the castle hall-door, some of them being stamped with the names of the donors. This custom appears to have been derived from its former owners, the Ferrers, whose arms were three horse-shoes.

FIRST COURT PHYSICIAN.

GADDES DON is celebrated for being the birthplace of John de Gaddesdon, who flourished in the fourteenth century, and is said to have been the first Englishman who was a court physician.

H. B. A.

PINS.

BEFORE pins were manufactured in England, £60,000. annually is said to have been paid for them to foreigners in the early years of Queen Elizabeth; but long before the decease of that princess, they were manufactured in this country in great quantities.

AMBITIOUS QUESTION.

WHITELOCK, one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, accidentally meeting with Cromwell, in St. James's Park, in November, 1652, was requested by him to "walk aside that they might have some private discourse together." In the colloquy that ensued, Cromwell put this short but pithy question:—"What if a man should take upon him to be king?"

ADDISON

WRITES vehemently against cowardice seeking strength "in the bottle," yet he often withdrew from the bickerings of his countess, to the coffee-house or the tavern. As vulgar people say he "used" the White Horse Inn, at the bottom of Holland House Lane, and Button's coffee-house, on the south side of Russell-street, Covent-garden.

APPARITION.

CREDULOUS old Aubrey tells us "the beautiful Lady Diana Rich, as she was walking in her father's garden at Kensington, to take the fresh air before dinner, about eleven o'clock, being then very well, met with her own apparition, habit, and every thing, as in a looking-glass. About a month after, she died of the small-pox. And it is said that her sister, the Lady Elizabeth Thynne saw the like of herself before she died. *This account I had from a person of honour.*"

1780.

SOME years after the Riots, the keys of Newgate, which had been taken away in triumph by the mob, were found within the basin (now filled up) which formerly occupied the centre of St. James's-square.

SIR EDMUNDBURY GODFREY was found murdered upon the south side of Primrose Hill, about two fields from the White House, now called *Chalk Farm*, and here the jury sat on the body.

LIVING by wits implies equivocal character. Burnet, after describing a bad fellow, who had gone by many false names, by which he had cheated many persons, says he had made a shift to live by his *wits*, or rather by his *cheats*.

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